

THE
G I P S I E S. K

A
COMICK OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN THE
HAYMARKET.

LONDON,
Printed by T. Sberlock,
For T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVIII.

®

THE

GIPSI.E.S.

A



COMICK

IN THE

THE



THE

THE

THE

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS,

Mr. Blissett.

LELIO,

Mr. Brett.

CLARIN,

Mr. Griffin.

CARLO,

Mr. Edwin.

GOVERNOR,

Mr. Gardner.

SPINETTA,

Miss Harper.

ISABELLA,

Miss Twist.

LAURA,

Mrs. Hitchcock.

VIOLETTA,

Miss Hale.

GIPSIES, &c.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Davis
Mr. C. G. Davis
Mr. E. Davis
Mr. G. Davis

Mr. Nathan
Mr. Davis
Mr. E. Davis
Mr. G. Davis

OFFICE OF THE

THE
G I P S I E S,

A C T I.

A Country View, with an Inn.

Enter Carlo.

A I R.

THO' up to th' ears in sore disasters,
Poor servants must obey their masters;
Still born to move at their command,
Must neither lie, nor sit, nor stand,
Nor speak, nor think, but as they're told;
But head-long go
Thro' hail, and rain,
And frost, and snow,
Nor once complain,
Tho' trembling, quaking,
Shiv'ring, shaking,
They catch their death with cold.

'Tis now eight days since here we come;
I thought to have been quite at home;
But for a whim,
To pleasure him,
Slap-dash am I sent back to Rome:
But pleasures are his only guides,
While I am bruis'd, head, back, and sides.

B

Having

HAVING put up my horse, my next care is to see after my master, Signor Lelio; who, I dare say, expects me with impatience. 'Twas here I left him—but here he comes!

Enter Lelio.

Lelio. Ah, Carlo! I am glad thou art returned.

Carlo. I don't doubt it, Sir; for you must have been in a thousand frights and fears. But the portrait is found, Sir; 'tis found, and all our cares art over:

Lelio [*coldly*]. Give it me.

Carlo. There; devour it with kisses.—[*Seeing Lelio put the portrait in his pocket without regarding it*] Hey-day! How you receive it!

Lelio. As a thing become perfectly indifferent to me.

Carlo. The devil!—why, whence comes this change? when Signor Ascorino, your father, gave it you at Naples, zounds, there was no keeping you within bounds; you had your best bib and tucker on in a minute.

Lelio. I confess it.

Carlo. The character he had given you of Isabella, and the sight of her picture, had so fired you, you must set out to Leghorn to see her that very moment.

Lelio. All this is true.

Carlo. It is indeed; for away we detamped immediately from Naples, and came post-haste here. On our arrival, you perceived you had left the portrait of Isabella at our inn at Rome; so not daring to appear before her without it, away I was dispatched, as if the devil was in me,
to

to fetch it: I have brought it back to you, and now you put it in your pocket without looking at it.

Lelio. I agree to this: I will even tell thee, that, impatient to see her, so far from having the resolution to wait thy return, the very day after thy departure I set out to her house, though I had not the portrait.

Carlo. I guess what followed: The painter was remarkable for taking handsome likenesses, I warrant you.

Lelio. No; I have not seen her. On my way, I met with a person who took away all my inclination.

Carlo. A person?

Lelio. Yes; a very respectable person; a young Gipsy, who offered to tell me my fortune.

Carlo. Oh, I understand you: She looked at your line of life, and found there certain crosses, something in the shape of horns.

Lelio. No, no, Carlo; 'twas in looking in my face she did the business, not in my hand.

Carlo. How do you mean?

Lelio. That my heart was stolen by the charms of this beautiful Gipsy, who appeared to be a divinity.

Carlo. Oh, some pilgrim, I suppose, who knows very well how to sell her cockleshells.

Lelio. Thou art deceived; she has not less wisdom than beauty: Imagine to thyself all the attractions, all the graces together, this is Spinetta. She receives your praises with an honest disdain; and, if you are too free, she opposes to your vivacity an agreeable severity.

Carlo. That's as much as to say, she holds the sugar-plumb as high as she can.

Lelio. Alas, why is not her birth equal to her merit?

Carlo. That's right, Signor Lelio! push the matter further; be a perfect hero in this business, and persuade yourself she is some princess in disguise, whose misfortunes have reduced her royal highness to stroll about the country to tell fortunes, and steal pigs and chickens.

Lelio. Truce to pleasantry.—I confess, it agrees but little with my birth to have a passion so delicate for a Gipsy; but I am so entirely conquered, that, let what will be the consequence, I can think of nothing but her, and the means of pleasing her.

A I R.

Why am not I that fragrant flow'r
Near to her heart Spinetta plac'd,
Which proudly living a sweet hour,
Died on that bosom it had grac'd?
Why am not I that gentle gale
Which plays around her coral lips,
Her breath like violets to exhale,
Which there eternal nectar sips?

Why am not I that crystal wave
At sultry noon with pride which heav'd,
To which her heav'nly form she gave,
Which, tho' 'twas Venus, it receiv'd?
Gods, had I been the limpid stream—
But whither do my senses rove?
Sunk in a dear delicious dream,
I would be all, to please my love!

Carlo. Oh, brave! And where does this wonderful creature live, pray, Sir?

Lelio.

Lelio. Just here, with a brother named Clarin,
an honest and worthy lad.

Carlo. Oh, like sister like brother, I dare say.

Lelio. And they are at the head of a band of
Gipsies.

Carlo. Who are also very honest, no doubt.—
Zounds, you are got into a great deal of very
honest company since I left you.

Lelio. Peace! I see Spinetta coming this way,
with Laura her companion.—How my heart
beats!—Draw aside a moment, before we accost
them.

[*Lelio and Carlo retire.*]

Enter Spinetta and Laura.

Spin. Yes, Laura, Lelio pleases my brother,
and I love him: But that is not enough; I must
have every proof of his affection, while he be-
lieves me a Gipsy; 'twill be a painful trial, but
'tis necessary,

A I R.

Love's a cheat; we over-rate it;
A flatt'ring, false, deceitful joy;
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy,

The light'ning's flash, which wond'ring leaves us,
Obscur'd and darker than before;
The glow-worm's tinsel, which deceives us,
A painted light, and nothing more.

Laura. I approve your delicacy: What joy for
Lelio, when he finds——

Spin. Hush! he's here. Leave us! [*Exit*
Laura.] Signor Lelio, I was searching for you,
to bid you adieu.

Lelio.

Lelio. How! adieu?

Spin. My brother is determined to leave Leghorn immediately.

Lelio. Ah, my dear Spinetta, what frightful news! and with what barbarous tranquillity you tell it me!

Spin. Would to Heaven I could be as indifferent as you think me! but 'tis time to discover my sentiments: I cannot depart without telling you, that I am not insensible to your love.

Lelio. I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Carlo. The man's gone mad!

Spin. No, Lelio; I forbid you. After the confession I have made, what must you think of me! you must forget me.

Carlo. Hang me, if she is not a very sensible girl!

Lelio. Alas, I cannot. Your cruel kindness has taken away every hope. Let me follow you!

Spin. My delicacy will not permit me.

Carlo. The delicacy of a Gipsy! Oh, dear!
[*smothering a laugh.*]

Lelio. My life depends on it.

Spin. And my virtue, which is as dear to me as my life, will not suffer me to let a man accompany me, who is not my husband.

Lelio. That shall be no objection.

Carlo. The devil it sha'n't!

Spin. The son of a nobleman marry a Gipsy!

Carlo. Very true, my little dear! 'twould be a damn'd shame, would not it?

Lelio. Love confounds all ranks!

Spin. Suppose I consented, how would it look for you to put on the habit of a Gipsy, and live like us!

Lelio.

Lelio. How, Spinetta!—Surely, after you were my wife, you would not think of continuing the state of life in which I see you at present.

Spin. You are mistaken: I cannot resolve either to quit my brother or his fortune; we must therefore part. 'Tis a cruel stroke; but Fate will have it so. Besides, how can I flatter myself that your love is any other than the effect of youth and vivacity?

A I R.

Praise is a mirror, that flatters the mind,
That tells us of goodness, and virtues, and
graces,

As that on our toilet instructs us to find
The dimples and smiles which appear on our
faces;

To which our attention we cannot refrain,
Tho' we draw off confus'd, yet but see its
attraction,

In spite of ourselves we return back again,
Regard, are abus'd, and receive satisfaction.

I know I'm deceiv'd; and I say to my heart,
You believe that sincere which is nought but
profusion;

Call pleasure what soon will severe make you smart,
And hug that for a substance you'll find but
delusion.

Your praises are flatt'ry, I know it as plain
As if you had said, "I am false and deceive
you:"

But truth, reason, every thing, argues in vain;
For such is my weakness, I blush and believe
you!

[Exit.
Carlo.

Carlo. This is all very well! Now, Sir, I suppose I must go to Isabella, and announce your arrival, must not I?

Lelio. I'll marry her!

Carlo. Isabella, Sir?

Lelio. Spinetta, blockhead.

Carlo. Oh, Lord, Sir, all the court of Naples will be charm'd to hear what an honourable choice you have made.

Lelio. Say another word, and I'll—[drawing his sword.]

Carlo [upon his knees]. Dear Sir! I beg your pardon! You are right, perfectly right, Sir! please yourself; get little Gipsies, and let the world talk and be hang'd.

Lelio. Alas, Carlo, instead of insulting me with raileries and reproaches, pity me rather. Do you believe I yield without remorse to this passion? no; 'tis impossible to describe the conflicts in my mind betwixt reason and love.

Re-enter Spinetta.

Spin. Well, Lelio, I have consulted my brother; and he thinks as I do, that we ought to part, and is coming to bid you adieu.

Lelio. No, Spinetta, I can never part with you: I consent to all you ask [in pronouncing these last words, he pulls out his handkerchief, and drops the portrait of Isabella; Carlo picks it up, and endeavours to hide it].

Spin. What's that?

Carlo. Nothing at all.

Spin. I suspect something, and will see [snatching]

dig it out of Carlo's hand]. Ah! 'tis a portrait,
and of a very pretty woman too.

Carlo. Lord, 'tis only the portrait of his grand-
mama, when she was in her teens:

Spin. You seem uneasy, *Lelio*: What ought
I to think of this?

Lelio. Don't judge too rashly; hear me a
moment.

Spin. I'll hear nothing.

Lelio. Let me undeceive you!

Spin. I am undeceived.

Carlo. Nay, hang it, Madam Gipsy, you are
a little unreasonable this bout; to refuse to hear,
is not the way to know the truth. Let me get
between you, and I'll set the matter to rights in
a moment. [*When he sings to Lelio, he imitates*
Spinetta, and when to Spinetta, he imitates Lelio.]

A I R.

What villainous trick, you inconstant young log,
To pass on me thus do you mean? [*To Lelio*.
None at all, or may I be hang'd like a dog,
My pretty Egyptian queen. [*To Spin*.

Then tell me, what flamekin's picture is this,
Which out of your pocket you drew? [*To Lelio*.
'Tis a cousin I've left, I swear't by this kiss,
[*Attempts to kiss Spin*.

To run round the country with you. [*To Spin*.

You're in love with her then; and shall I but
have part?

Your nasty eyes out I could claw! [*To Lelio*.
No, beautiful flow'r of that garden my heart,
Isabella I never yet saw. [*To Spin*.
Were

Were I certain indeed, that 'tis true what you say,
And that this is not one of your *nimps* —

[To *Lelio*.]

'Tis true, love, or may I be taken away

By the devil and all his imps! [To *Spin*.]

This being the case, your anger abates, and then
you kiss and are friends.

Lelio. He tells you the truth.

Spin. This I must search into.

Lelio. I desire no better.

Enter Clarin.

Clarin. Signor *Lelio*, I come—but you seem
moved, both of you; have you any cause of
dispute?

Spin. Yes, brother; and this is the subject:
Lelio dropt a portrait, which, he says, is that of
a cousin he has never seen, and to whom he was
to have been married.

Clarin. Heavens, 'tis the portrait of *Isabella*!
And do you really prefer my sister to so much
beauty?

Lelio. Was my cousin a thousand times hand-
somer, I would make her that sacrifice with
pleasure.

Clarin. And for me, I would prefer your
cousin to all the women I ever saw.

Lelio. You prefer my cousin? What does he
mean?

Clarin. Your astonishment will cease, when I
inform you I have seen your cousin; that I had
the good fortune to do her a material service;
that I have resolved to pay my addresses to her;
and that this habit only has prevented me from
having had a second interview with her.

Spin.

Spin. But that obstacle is now removed, and you may see her whenever you chuse, if Signor Lelio will consent to it.

Lelio. Who? me?—you joke, Spinetta.

Spin. Not at all; as you have never seen your cousin, my brother may very easily pass for you.

Lelio. For me? it can't be.

Spin. Why not? he need but have the portrait to introduce him; he can deport himself like a gentleman, I assure you, Sir; nor will Isabella have any suspicion of the trick.

Lelio. A man of the calling of your brother! I can't consent to it.

Carlo. Nor I neither. Damn me, they have a design against the whole family!—Would you wish, Ma'am, that any body should marry his father? he is devilish rich, I assure you.

Spin. Well, what do you say, Lelio?

Lelio. Don't oblige me, Spinetta, to represent to you the absurdity of this project.

Spin. Your resistance betrays you, Lelio: You've an attachment for Isabella.

Lelio. 'Tis not that; you take that for the effect of love, which is only a principle of honour: The disparagement is too great; a lady of quality marry a Gipsy!

Carlo. Oh, ho! you begin to feel it now.

Spin. Say no more: I exact nothing from you. Keep your noble pride; you have need of it yourself. I would have abandoned for you the greatest princes upon earth; and you are always refusing every thing I request of you.

Lelio. But consider——

Spin. Go, ungrateful! you don't merit the heart of Spinetta: Leave me, and vaunt to Isa-

bella your scrupulous attention to her honour :
 She'll pardon the contempt you have had for her
 charms. Come, my brother.—Adieu, noble
 Lelio ! If you think your cousin ought to dis-
 dain a Gipsy, such as my brother, believe me
 a Gipsy, such as I am, can disdain you in her
 turn.

A I R.

Go, proud lover, go !
 Take your heart back again :
 For me 'tis too low,
 Too unworthy a chain.
 Be haughty, imperious, this Gipsy despise ;
 You rise but to fall, while I fall to rise.

True love, never erring,
 Has no selfish fears ;
 That, the more 'tis conferring,
 The nobler appears :
 It has no sordid views, no vile ends for its guide,
 'Tis ungovern'd by int'rest, uninfluenc'd by pride.
 [*Exe. Spin. and Clarin.*]

Carlo. What a devil of a spirit she has !

Lelio. I'll persist, even if I lose her.

Carlo. That's right, Sir.

Lelio. I'll after, and reason her out of her
 absurd folly.

Carlo. Zounds, Sir, don't go to spoil all !

Lelio. Never fear : I'll represent to her the
 extravagance of such an idea.

Carlo. Ah, that's as much as to say you'll
 consent to whatever she pleases.

Lelio. No, no ; this has waked my senses out
 of

of the lethargy in which they have been entranced.
Stay here, while I bid her adieu for ever.

A I R.

Yes, yes, thank Heaven, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference succeeds at last,
And my egregious follies past
Appear an idle dream.

Thus from a perfidious snare,
The linnet timid, unaware,
Hardly escapes with pain;
The feathers he has left behind,
Are lesson to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each scar,
Describes the peril of the war,
Well pleas'd his danger's o'er;
The slave at last exempt from pain,
With smiles beholds that very chain,
Which held him to the oar.

[Exit]

Enter Laura.

Carlo. A noble resolution, and courageously taken. What a pity 'tis, that one hypocritical tear should overturn it.—The devil fly away with all the Gipsies upon earth, I say!

Laura. I thank you for the body in general, and myself in particular.

Carlo. You are welcome, my dear, if it was ten times as much.

Laura. Then this Gipsy's dress that I have brought for you, I may take back again.

• *Carlo.*

Carlo. You may indeed.

Laura. And why so?

Carlo. Because I am not in love.

Laura. Oh, your time will come, never fear.

—Let me see. [Taking his hand.]

Carlo. Come, come, don't be palming of me, and looking at my line of life.—I wish I may never stir, if I an't afraid of her.

Laura. You *are* in love.

Carlo. Oh, I am: With who, pray?

Laura. With me.

Carlo. With you.—She's devilish handsome, for the matter of that—zounds, if I should get bewitched too!

Laura. What's the matter with you?

Carlo. I am considering——

Laura. Considering? what?

Carlo. That it is not honest for a man to abandon his master.

Laura. That's a good lad.

Carlo. And that I am afraid you had some secret way of making my heart come out of my fingers' ends just now, for I wish I may die if I have not lost it.

Laura. Did not I tell you so?

Carlo. I feel myself already almost as great a fool as my master.

Laura. And that's saying a great deal.

Carlo. 'Tis done! I sacrifice my aunt, my cousin, my grandmother, and all the whole shop!

Laura. What a happy woman am I!

Carlo. Yes; we'll go and leap over the stick as soon as you please.—But all that troubles me is, how the devil you do to tell peoples' fortunes.

Laura. Oh, there's nothing in the world so easy.

A I R

A I R.

When we promise an heir or a miser,
This gold, *that* his father's free land,
 We pause, and look grave, to seem wiser,
 And his fortune read in his hand.

If Miss at fifteen would discover
 When she'll like her mother be wise,
 To promise a handsome young lover
 Her fortune we read in her eyes.

But if husbands with jealousy quaking,
 Would know if they are—you know how,
 We consider—our heads gravely shaking—
 And their fortunes read on the brow.

Carlo. So, according to this, I have only to tell a married woman her husband will die before her; a young girl, that she'll soon get married; a physician, that he'll have a great many patients; a poet, that all his pieces will succeed; and, in short, what I think will please them best.—But what's all this?

Laura. Our joyous band, who are coming to perform the accustomed ceremonies upon receiving your master and you into the company.

Carlo. Really the company do us a great deal of honour.

Enter Spinetta, Clarin, Lelio dressed as a Gipsy, and the whole band.

F I N A L E.

Lelio. Others with splendor and parade
 Their new-chosen members usher in;
 Flags, banners, noise, cars, cavalcade,
 Spears, halberts, tumult, dirt, and din.
Chorus.

*Chorus. Members of our Society
Are chosen on a different plan;
We bid them welcome o'er a glee!
And swear them o'er the flowing can.*

*Laura. Free-Masons, with mysterious rites,
Their new-elected members hail;
And talk by signs, and brood whole nights;
O'er compais, trowel, mop and pail.*

Chorus. Members of, &c.

*Lelio. Members of parliament, in air
On brawny shoulders lifted high;
Sit lolling in a great arm-chair,
While roaring thousands rend the sky.*

Chorus. Members of, &c.

*Spin. To chuse lord-mayor upon the Thames
Squadrons of barges scare the swans;
While turf gallants, and country dames
Are sopp'd and sous'd, with city dons.*

Chorus. Members of, &c.

*Carlo. Courtiers and lords, preferr'd, kiss hands;
Sheriffs and aldermen carouse;
Doctors harangue to gain their bands;
Judges and counsellors make bows.*

Chorus. Members of, &c.

A C T

A C T II.

A garden.

Enter Isabella and Violetta.

A I R.

Ifab. **C**ontentment lost, each other treasure
To ease the mind essays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And misery leads the splendid train.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
Feasting the senses, not the mind,
In vague pursuits our time employing,
We grasp at all, and nothing find.

No news of Lelio yet, Violetta?

Viol. No, madam.

Ifab. Heaven be praised!

Viol. Lord, madam, how the wind is changed
in our corner. When Signor Ascorino proposed
his son to you—oh, dear—nothing was ever so
charming as the idea of such an alliance—pomp,
place, and precedence, at the court of Naples,
was such a temptation—away I was sent for the

D

most

most famous painter in all Leghorn to draw your portrait; for though you had three by you, one was too serious, another too ill-dressed, the third too masculine; in short, every nerve must be strained to attract the heart of so wealthy and accomplished a cavalier.

Ifab. All this is true.

Viol. Now see the difference: He ought to have been here eight days ago; and though 'tis possible he may have broke his neck upon the road, been assassinated by robbers, though it is the most astonishing thing in the world we have not seen him, when I tell you he is not arrived, you cry—"heaven be praised!"

Ifab. What shall I say to you, Violetta?

Viol. The truth, ma'am; that this unknown—this beggar—

Ifab. For shame! I shall be angry with you.

Viol. Nay, what signifies mincing the matter?—Your coach breaks down; you are in danger of losing your life, by falling near the horses, when a man, all over rags and tatters, flies to your assistance—he relieves you—instits upon conducting you home—and because he refuses a purse of ducats, which you offer him, you are convinced he has a noble mind, an elevated understanding, and a great many more fine things which I have forgot.

Ifab. 'Tis very true, that, under the most abject appearance, that wonderful man discovered an air, an education, a politeness and sentiment, a prince need not blush to entertain; that I firmly believe his dress to be but a disguise; and that though perhaps I shall never see him any more—

Enter

Enter Clarin and Servant.

Serv. Signor Lelio, madam.

Clarin [after having made a profound obedience to Isabella, who regards him with the utmost astonishment]. This portrait, madam, will give you to understand who I am.

Ifab. Am I awake?—Violetta! Surely it cannot be——

Viol. 'Tis he himself, ma'am; I have examined him from head to foot.

Ifab. I confess to you, Sir, I cannot recover myself from the astonishment into which your appearance has thrown me; either I am deceived, or I have seen you before.

Clarin. You have, dear cousin; and I can never enough entreat you to pardon the innocent stratagem with which love inspired me:—Lelio and your Deliverer are but one person.

Ifab. And, for Heaven's sake, how came you——

Clarin. When I had received your portrait from my father, I hastened to present myself before you; but, conscious of my own demerits, I disguised myself, to enquire into the state of your heart: Fortune, to crown my wishes, presented me with an opportunity of being serviceable to you.—Happy should I be, if, in my own character, I was capable of inspiring you with the faintest of those sentiments which at that moment took such possession of me.

Ifab. After the sentiments you were capable of inspiring me with, under a less amiable appearance, it would be a folly to dissemble; I must confess, my heart had formed a wish that Lelio might be made like you.

Clarín. I am but too happy.

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. A parcel of Gipsies are at the garden-gate, and beg to be admitted.

Viol. Oh, dear ma'am, let us have them; they'll divert us.

Ifab. If you have no objection, Lelio.

Clarín. None at all.

Ifab. Shew them to us.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Viol. How lucky it happens, ma'am! You can consult them about your marriage; and I dare say they'll be able to tell you how many husbands you'll have besides this gentleman.

Ifab. and Clarín. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Lelio, Carlo, Spinetta, Laura, and all the Gipsies.

A I R.

Spin. Come here, ye fair; come here, each lover:
That lot Dame Fortune would conceal,
But cross my hand, and I'll discover;
I'm mistress of her and her wheel.

To

To trembling age we boldly promise,
In spite of nature, years of health;
Widows receive new husbands from us,
And young men all their fathers' wealth.

We give the fair Love's influence under
Young lovers, constant all their lives;
Nay, we e'en dare—a greater wonder—
Promise to husbands faithful wives.

Clarín. This is, without doubt, the head of the gang.

Isab. She has an engaging presence.

Spin. My beautiful lady, will you let me tell you your fortune?

Isab. With all my heart.

Spin. Come here, brother! [*to Lelio.*] Take the lady's other hand, while I observe this.

Isab. You have a brother of a good mien: Without doubt, he is skilful.

Spin. Skilful, madam!—he is the first man in the world for palmistry; nobody can tell you better than he what will happen to you.

Carlo. No, by my faith, he only knows too well; that's all.

Lelio. Oh, madam, don't believe her—Heavens, to what she exposes me!

Spin. [*having examined Isabella's hand.*] Happy hand!—My good lady, an amiable gentleman, upon seeing only your portrait, has conceived for you a most violent passion.

Viol. Lord, Madam, what a witch she must be to know that.

Carlo. Yes, devilish cunning, to be sure!

Spin.

Spin. You are soon to marry him; and 'tis a man who will do you and your family great honour.

Carlo. Oh, infinite!

Lelio. Heavens, can I bear all this?

Ifab. [remarking *Lelio.*] You seem uneasy: Is it because you saw any thing sinister in my t'other hand?

Lelio. Yes, Madam;—you are menaced——

Ifab. With what?

Lelio. With a sudden chagrin; which——

Spin. [after having regarded *Lelio.*] Oh, I know what he means: Yes, Madam, you'll meet with a severe vexation, which will be troublesome to you for a moment; but it will pass like a shadow, and be followed by a thousand pleasures.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Marquis Ascorino demands to see you.

Lelio. My father!

Ifab. [to *Clarin.*] Ah, *Lelio*, this is a happiness I did not expect.

Clarin [agitated]. Nor I neither.

Ifab. [to *Clarin.*] You seem troubled.

Clarin. Nothing; only my father—a—his coming—so unexpectedly.

Spin. [going up to *Clarin.*] Give me your hand; I'll tell you in a moment whether you have any thing to fear.—[Speaks low.] Draw her aside; amuse her a little while, and let me alone.—[Loud.] Your father's journey to Leghorn need not give you the least uneasiness.

Clarin. [to *Ifab.*] Madam, I have particular reasons

reasons for wishing to speak to you before you see my father. *[Exeunt Clarin and Isab.]*

Lelio. In short, you would insist upon it, and you see what is the consequence.

Spin. Patience, patience! *[considering.]*

Carlo. I say, let us decamp.

Lelio. 'Tis the best way.

Spin. What, and leave my brother in the toils?

Carlo. 'Tis too late, Sir; for I wish I may never stir if here is not your father.

Spin. Let us accost him with a song, and leave the rest to me.

Enter Ascorino and Servant.

Asco. This is the way; this is the way. Zounds, which is the way? I shall never find them, I believe.—Hey! where the devil have you brought me? and who are these?

A I R.

Spin. Sir, we are Gipsies, as you see,
A sect the world despises;
Tho' honour, virtue, probity,
Are under our disguises.

Chorus. Then hey for the Gipsies, nor condemn,
If gay, in ev'ry season,
They lead their lives; for who like them
Blend, with their pleasures, reason?

Carlo.

Carlo. We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready,
With fortune, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.

Chorus. *Then hey, &c.*

Laura. A man and wife, such as before
Time never saw the pareil;
Who, married twenty years or more,
Ne'er had a single quarrel.

Chorus. *Then hey, &c.*

Spin. A magistrate upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given;
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the ballance even.

Chorus. *Then hey, &c.*

Carlo. A country 'squire who hates the smell
Of stingo or October,
A modern poet who can spell,
And a musician sober.

Chorus. *Then hey, &c.*

Lelio.

Lelio. Then do not our distress despise,
 Reproaches would be cruel;
 Virtue is often in disguise;
 The mine conceals the jewel.

Chorus. Then hey, &c.

Asco. What is all this? is it possible that you can be my son?—And Carlo too, in a new livery! or I'm mistaken.

Carlo. No, no, Sir; you are right enough.

Asco. Why, what's the meaning of this disguise?

Lelio. Sir—I—

Asco. You—what? you are disconcerted.

Spin. [to *Asco.*] Sir, I'll explain to you the whole affair: Your presence has thrown us into the greatest consternation in the world.

Asco. So it seems, indeed!

Spin. We should have been much more pleased, Sir, if you had stay'd away some time longer.

Asco. And why so?

Spin. Because, Sir, we are afraid you'll disconcert our measures.—We are going to serve Isabella such a trick!

Asco. Trick!—well, what trick?

Carlo. What the devil is she going to say?

Spin. You shall hear, Sir.—*Lelio* arriving at this town, met with *Clarin* my brother, who he knew at Naples; said *Lelio* to his friend, “I have an excellent thought! my cousin has never seen me, and I could wish to know whether my person would make any impression on her without my appearing in my own form! Suppose therefore you take my name, and go instead of me. In the mean time, we'll all disguise ourselves; your sister, your servants,
 E “ *Carlo,*

" Carlo, and I, as Gipsies; so go to Isabella under pretence of telling her fortune, and at a proper time make myself known."

Asco. What extravagance!

Carlo. Pretty well for that.

Spin. And so, Sir, we bespoke these dresses immediately, and have been 'till this day getting perfect in our little farce. But, Sir, we can't go a step further without you lend us your assistance.

Asco. Well, with all my heart: What must I do?

Spin. You'll embrace your niece, with whom you'll find my brother Clarin.

Asco. Well?

Spin. And you will also embrace him, as if he was your son.

Asco. Willingly.

Spin. Support this feint 'till the evening, and leave the rest to us.

Asco. I shall be discreet, never fear.—I can't help laughing to think, how Isabella will be surprized when she comes to know the truth. [*Ex.*]

Carlo. Yes, faith, and so will you too.

Lelio. Now, Spinetta, what's your design?

Spin. This is it: We shall in the beginning of the evening have a bark ready; and while I find some means of keeping the Marquis out of the way, my brother shall draw aside Isabella, under pretence of taking a walk to the sea-shore; we shall then force her aboard, and set sail in a moment.

Lelio. Carry off my cousin?

Spin. Oh, what you are at your objections again.—If you say another word, I'll carry off your father.

Carlo.

Carlo. The devil you will! Ay, and all the rest of the family, I suppose.—But who have we here?

Enter a Guard.

Guard. Here they are.

Spin. Who do you want, Sir?

Guard. You.—The governor, who is at the door, sent me to see if you were here. [*Exit.*

Spin. Heavens! we are discovered!

Lelio. What's the matter, Spinetta?

Spin. Something perhaps on which my life depends; but the subject of my fears will not bring a blush upon the cheek of Lelio.

Carlo. The governor? we shall finish our farce in a prison.

Spin. Nay, but, Carlo——

Carlo. Zounds, I'll hear no more stuff!—Help, help! murder! fire! the devil and all his imps!

A I R.

Zounds, was there ever such a whelp

As I am to be gull'd so long!

Here! murder! fire! help, help, help!

I'll listen to no Siren's song.

Master! mistress! madam! Sir!

Ah, you may wink and make a stir:

Louder and louder will I bawl.

Murder! help! I'll raise the house;

We have offended 'gainst the laws,

Justice will get us in her claws,

And will not fail to crush us all,

Just as a cat would crush a mouse.

Why have I thus been gull'd so long?

Zounds, was there ever such a whelp!

I'll listen to no Siren's song:

Thieves! murder! fire! help, help, help!

E 2

Enter

Enter Isabella, Clarin, and Ascorino.

Asco. What's the matter?

Carlo [upon his knees.] Pardon, dear Sir! pray pardon me, and I'll discover the whole truth,

Asco. Speak!

Carlo. Signor Lelio then is up to the head and ears in love with this little devil in petticoats, which is the only cause of our putting on these fool's frocks.

Isab. Heavens! is not this Lelio then?

Carlo. No more, madam, than 'tis your great grandpapa; 'tis the brother of this pretty lady, and he has taken my master's name to impole upon you.

Enter the Governor and Attendants.

Gov. [to Lelio.] 'Tis you, I suppose, who are at the head of these Gipsies?

Lelio. Why that demand, Sir?

Gov. I have an order from the grand-duke to pass you into Sicily, where you are expected.

Clarin. My lord, it is to me you ought to address yourself: I am Alphonso, that unfortunate prince for whom you seek. I vainly believed, by my flight and my disguise, to save my life from the cruelty of the King of Sicily; he is not content to have executed my father for his attachment to Manfroy, he demands my life; and you may take it.

Gov. My lord, I am not come with any such disagreeable news, the king is dead, and the son of Manfroy is placed on the throne. The new king, who loves you, knowing you were flown with the princess Matilda your sister, having made search for you every where, at last discover'd that

that you were both at Leghorn, with your faithful domestics, disguised as Gipsies; in consequence of which, he has written to the grand-duke, from whom I have an order to offer you on his part all that may be necessary to convey you to Palermo.

Carlo. Oh, these ragamuffins turn out to be princes after all!

Clarín. Charming Isabella, will you, in receiving my faith, finish my happiness?

Ifab. My lord, the unhappiness I felt at finding you were not Lelio, ought to convince you of my joy in seeing you the prince Alphonso.

Spin. And you, Lelio—

Lelio. Ah, Madam, may the amorous Lelio flatter himself that the princess Matilda will approve the tenderness of Spinetta?

Spin. Doubt it not: When I told you I would abandon princes for your sake, you little believed I had done so already.

Carlo. Now for me: And will the amiable Laura, first lady of honour to the princess Matilda, deign to cast a twinkle of affection upon the love-stricken Carlo, as lord of the bedchamber?

Laura. As you have followed the example of your master, I think I cannot do better than imitate my mistress.

F I N A L E.

Ifab. Our vessel has its port in view,
If here no hov'ring tempest lours;
We've others' fortune told—but you
Must be the arbiters of ours.

Do

Do not our wishes disapprove,
 But let them have their freest scope;
 Our piece has the effects of love
 For subject, and for moral—hope.

Lelio. Hope scorns misfortunes the most rude,
 With hope the veriest wretch is blest,
 And poets write that every good
 Is better—hop'd for—than possess'd.

Hope cheers the most dejected hearts,
 Can ev'n despair itself controul;
 'Tis on that course the lover starts
 Of his desires to reach the goal.

Spin. Of sand a poor neglected grain,
 Bewailing, did its fortune curse,
 "I am the vilest atom lain
 "Upon the face o'th' universe."

But succouring heat, and fruitful show'rs,
 This atom to a diamond brings—
 And now, in brilliant pride it tow'rs
 Upon the heads of Persia's kings.

Carlo. Thus the effects of hope we preach;
 But words, alas, are empty air!
 For while that height we fain would reach,
 Your frowns would sink us to despair.

One kind resounding cane or hand,
 To flatt'ring hope gives instant birth:
 Applause will raise our humble band,
 And give the Gipsies real worth.

F I N I S.